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COLLECTING ALBERTA'S STORIES

BY

ROBERT E. GARD

Collecting Alberta's Stories

By Robert E. Gard, University of Alberta, Edmonton.

Editor's Note.—We highly recommend to our readers the ensuing article. Professor Gard's work of collecting folk lore in Alberta should stimulate people's interest and pride in the Province and closely parallels one of the purposes of Canadian Cattlemen *which is, through the collection and printing of old time and historical articles pertaining to Ranching, to develop pride and interest in our beef cattle industry. We are therefore pleased to give Professor Gard the closest possible co-operation and we are hopeful that we will be favored with articles in future issues which will advise of the progress of his work.*

I CAME to Alberta a year ago last summer to lecture at the Banff School of Fine Arts. Unable to wear a uniform, I felt that the best thing I could do was to help keep alive, in this difficult time, the traditional aspects of the life of the people; to help preserve the traditions of the past, and to keep people aware of the traditions they are making in the present.

I was interested in the Banff School, and perhaps even more, I was interested in the people I briefly met in Alberta. I was interested in a region where a farm woman, whose men-folk were in the war, could somehow find a week to come to the School, and get a bit of knowledge which would enable her to return to her community and help enrich its life. I was interested in a region where a family had the courage to watch hail beat down the crops in the morning, and make ice-cream out of the hail stones in the afternoon. I was interested in the loneliness of some of the farms, and in the great spaces and vistas of the prairies.

I was told about the Englishmen, and the almost old-world culture that existed on some of the ranches. I was told of the Englishman who would often write a latin motto on the back of a restaurant check, and who might start quoting Virgil or Milton most any time. I was told of the Englishmen who could live on a big scale easier in Alberta, than in the Old Country.

I was interested in the good educational system in the Province, and the good health system, aided by the Rockefeller Foundation, and the Carnegie Corporation.

I was told of the settlers from the American Middle West; of the Mormons and the religious groups of the Province—and that in at least one town there were seventeen different religions.

I heard tales of the terrific cold which, in the old days, drove cattle into the streets of Calgary.

I was interested in the tales of the pioneering priests; the explorers; the trappers; the oil boom and the land booms.

Everywhere I saw the results and the remains of the optimism of Alberta's pioneers. In Calgary suburbs, I saw the remains of several great real estate developments. In Edmonton I heard that some one hundred and twenty-five railways had been chartered in the history of the Province. I saw the ghost cities of mining schemes; and more than once heard the moans of people who had once purchased worthless oil stock.

I was interested in knowing whether the burst of enthusiasm which had carried settlers to the Alberta "golden west" had lasted; and when the chance was made by the University of Alberta's Extension Department, and the Rockefeller Foundation, for me to spend a year in Alberta, exploring its people, their lore and history, I eagerly said, "yes".

As we saw it, the work would be two-fold. First would come the collection of a body of Alberta folklore, in an effort to make the Alberta people realize the wonderful heritage they possess, and to help the various regions of Alberta to understand each other through a knowledge of their different histories, backgrounds and stories.

The second part, and perhaps a more scholarly one, was to work closely with the history department of Alberta University, and the other historians of the Province in an attempt to further the work they had already started. We wanted to help them get the case for a fine Provincial archive before the people, by making the people realize that their rich historical heritage must be systematically preserved. We wanted to help find out where the collected bodies of the local history of the Province were, and through this survey to help build the foundation for the succeeding work of a Provincial archivist, whom I personally, hope will be a man of great human understanding and imagination; a man who loves the people, and who

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Just Relationship in the Beef Cattle Industry

By **MAURICE E. HARTNETT**, Associate Editor

MORE than five years ago, in the Souvenir Inaugural issue, the editor stated: *"Canadian Cattlemen* essentially represents those who produce the nation's beef supply." He went on to say, however, that there should be a balance among all factors of the industry and "it is to this condition of equilibrium that the *Canadian Cattlemen* is striving."

In this article it is my aim to set out briefly a few observations on this important matter of striving for equilibrium in the beef cattle industry. Equilibrium may be interpreted to mean equal balance between opposing forces. I do not use the word in this sense but rather consider it as meaning a just relationship. The interests of the livestock industry can never be advanced by obtaining a balance between opposing forces but if, through understanding and co-operative action, a just relationship between the different groups concerned is achieved then much good can come of it.

It is obvious, for example, that a good market for beef cattle should benefit producers, packers, retailers and everyone else associated with or interested in the industry. It is not necessary to quote statistics to show that the most important market for Canada's beef is that right here at home. Whether in times of war or peace, whether or not there is an embargo on cattle or beef exports to the United States or elsewhere, Canadians have always been the best customers for Canadian-produced beef. The domestic market will continue to occupy first place regardless of the success or otherwise of efforts to build up a market for our cattle or beef outside the Dominion. For this reason our first consideration is due Canadian consumers—our Canadian market—when production and marketing programs and policies come under review. In other words, a just relationship ought to exist not only between the constituent parts of the industry but between the industry and those who consume the great portion of its output.

The domestic market, while it is by far the most important one, is not always a good market. The reason, of course, is that the factors that go to create a good market are not always present in the right combination. A great many people with plenty of purchasing power and an urge to buy beef provide the necessary elements. As compared with pre-war years there is a fairly substantial increase in meat consumption in this country. This is attributable largely to the greater purchasing power in the hands of the consumer. It is very definitely in the interests of the beef cattle producers and the whole chain within the industry that the national per capita income remain high. Failing this, subsidies may have to be provided somewhere along the line so that meat consumption, including beef, can be maintained at a point where minimum nutritional standards at least can be provided for all. Such a suggestion would at one time have been dismissed as Utopian; in the light of the World Food Conference at Hot Springs such measures are not only possible but probable.

One may wonder why in this country, with conditions of full employment and higher wage levels, the average per capita consumption of beef is not higher than it is—a mere 63 pounds per annum. While the average Canadian ate 74 pounds of beef and veal last year the average New Zealander and Australian consumed close to twice as much. And this wasn't done at the expense of lamb and mutton for they each ate from 9 to 14 times as much as their Canadian cousins. It is quite probable that more beef could have been sold in Canada in 1942 had it been available but it was found that, notwithstanding the greatest net slaughter of beef cattle in years, an

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ALBERTA'S STORIES
(*Continued from page* 95)

is capable of making the history of Alberta *live*!

My own first interest is, of course, the folklore. I have been surprised that some persons have said to me since I've been here: "Is there any folklore in Alberta? If so, we haven't heard of it."

Terms are often confusing, and I suspect that these doubters didn't rightly understand that by folklore we meant the whole life of Alberta folk . . . past and present. That we meant their comments on the weather . . . on the land. That we meant the tales of the Indians, and the waterways; the Alberta place names; the stories of the industries—mining, oil, wheat; the tall tales; murderers, religions, railways, animal stories, characters of the Province. We meant the customs and ways of life of the National groups in the Province . . . the story of each of which would probably fill volumes. The ones who shook their heads over Alberta couldn't have remembered the recent movement to the North and West, and the fine body of material which will inevitably emerge from that.

Alberta is a remarkable Province, in more ways than one. There is a distinct fantasy about the region. Where else in Canada would you find a man living in a tree, as one does, or did, at Rocky Mountain House? Where else in Canada are there so many youthful idealists, waiting for a chance to build the perfect state? You might, in British Columbia or Ontario find tales of the Ogopogo . . . the monster that lives in the water . . . but surely no Ogopogo is as big or as terrible as the one that lives in the North Saskatchewan. Do you remember Hatfield the Rainmaker? There's a fantastic tale. Have you never heard of the exploits of "Twelve-foot Davis"? Have you never respected the Alberta imagination as reflected in the tall tales? The tall tales of Alberta are as good as those anywhere. In fact, maybe better. Here are a few tall-tales, made up by the folk to buck up flagging spirits, and to preserve the optimism of the land.

Tall Tales

Down at Brooks, an old timer tells this story about a high wind. "One day when we were on the roundup a heck of a wind started to blow. I knew it was going to be a humdinger so I picked out the biggest beef I could see and slung it back of my saddle to weigh down my horse and keep us from being blowed away. The other boys saw what I was doing and did the same. The wind blew so cold and so hard and for so long that all of us got pneumonia, and all them other fellows kicked off, one by one, till I was left alone.

"The wind blew for days, but me and the horse and that beef stuck together. Barns, houses, chickens, fences and all kinds of things kept blowing past us, but the funniest thing was an old fellow a-sittin in a rocking chair, sailing along through the air. As he came nigh me he yelled for a match, but by the time I'd dug through three inches of sand in my jeans, he was out of sight. But pretty soon a telephone came by, so I grabbed it and told the central in the next township that an old fellow in a rocking chair was headed that way, and would she see to it that someone had a light ready for his pipe!

"The storm finally blew itself out. so I dumped off the steer and rounded up the 10,000 head of cattle that had drifted more than a hundred miles. When I got them home to the ranch I saw a big straw hat lying on the ground, so I picked it up. Under it was my old friend still in his rocking chair and puffing away at his pipe.

"'Ah,' I said 'so you found a match.'

"'Oh, no,' he said, 'but I got her going, just the same. They gave me one of them new-fangled cigarette lighters. It lighted my pipe fine, but it ain't so good for picking my teeth'."

It is natural, I suppose, that the Alberta tall-tales divide themselves pretty well into tales about the weather, and those about animals and insects. Digging down behind the obvious fantasy of the tall-stories, one might get a pretty good idea of Alberta.

They say, down around Viking, that the mosquitos were so thick that, though one old settler built a smudge fire, he found it necessary to take a long stick and twirl it through the dense cloud of insects, so a passage could be cleared for the smoke to ascend!

A good tall-tale of the early days in Alberta concerns one, Jack Symonds, an early Mounted Policeman, who saw a hundred-million buffalo

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Bunkhouse Philosophy

By **W. R. COCHRANE,** Cowley, Alta.

THE beef round-up has kept the boys pretty busy this fall and most all the critters that were packing fat enough to grease the frying pan have been hazed to market. Owing to the shortage of cowpunchers quite a number of the old guard were pressed into service and demonstrated that they could still make a bossie go where they wanted her to go and the language used in the demonstration was both original and educational, according to ancient custom.

The beef buyers have been out in force and the top rails of the corrals are pretty well polished as a result of quite a considerable time spent sitting up there dickering over price, shrink, cut backs and rivers to cross on the way to town.

The Community sales organization has put a lot of cattle over the scales in this south country at their auction sales this fall; four sales alone held at Pincher Creek and Lundbreck brought in close to a quarter of a million dollars. These sales are growing in popularity and drawing good crowds and you can generally meet all the folks there and keep up to date regarding the goings-on in the district. Owing to the curtailment and lack of potency of refreshment of the liquid nature, however, reminiscing lacked something prevalent in former gatherings, as some of we oldish chaps need a bit of stimulant at times to sort of prompt our memories. But we managed fairly well by borrowing the occasional piece of eating tobacco from Fred, the brand inspector, and George, the commission chap, who are generally pretty well supplied with this very necessary adjunct to a good stockman's bargaining equipment. Fred maintained, for a time, that he had sworn off but we kept him under observation when a bunch of cattle came into the ring bearing horns and Fred being unable to count said horns without the aid of his tobacco, tried to sneak the plug out of his hip pocket and the secret, like a lot of our modern cow-boys' shirt tails, was out.

We have not heard what the Provincial Government are doing with the money they assess the stockmen who are negligent about removing the defensive equipment of bovines they bring in to market, but the penalties so acquired would enhance the popularity of our Provincial help to some considerable extent if Fred were authorized to spent it on a little something to pass around to the patrons of these fall sales, to sort of warm the inner man. We would see to it that the distribution was made equitably as we would be in a position to check the receipts first hand and without going to the trouble of requesting the information via the Parliamentary order paper route.

Yep, the sales are getting to be quite an institution and find a market for the humblest bossie, who has given her all to the cattle industry, as well as the prime youngster whose quality causes the toughest packer buyer to loosen up the wallet strings and bust right into animated bidding. Competition amongst the growers for the top price at the sales is keen which augers well for further improvement in quality.

Prices for grass fed beef have been pretty good this fall but the feeder sort of wonders where he is going to wind up at, owing to the boys down at the seat of government being a trifle notional regarding grain prices. It has never been the practice in the best feeding circles to count out the kernels when putting the maximum amount of beef on to critters in the feed lot and it rather looks like the moths won't get much of a repast off the contents of the feeders' wallet if he is going to have to buy grain at present price levels.

Coarse Grain Bonus

Of course we are aware that a feeder drawback of two bits per bushel on wheat has recently been announced and also that the coarse grain growers are going to receive a bonus of ten cents per bushel on oats and fifteen cents on barley, which is not to be charged to the feeder of these grains, and of course regulations have been set up to govern sales of these grains. In this connection an interesting event took place out our way recently.

Cactus and Seven Up live on adjoining ranches some 25 miles from the bright lights, where the elevator chappie presides over his scales, over which we are informed all grain must be weighed in order to become eligible for any bonus, the transaction then being properly recorded so that the government would not be hornswoggled, in case a couple of ranchers should decide to cook up a fake deal in order to obtain the necessary wherewithal to purchase a spot of Christmas cheer. It appears that Cactus grew some barley which Seven Up desired to purchase. Naturally Cactus wanted to receive the bonus but Seven Up opined that barley was too durned high as it was without tacking on any bonus and Cactus coming back with the idea that if there was a bonus being paid for raising barley he was going to have it, as it took him a week to remove the beards from his wool underwear after stooking the scratchy stuff and he had been so itchy ever since that the folks were becoming suspicious that he had picked up some cooties somewhere. They smoked up a whole can of tobacco and whittled enough shavings to start the bunk-house fire for a month arguing the matter without getting anything settled. They reckoned that they were getting too durned old to hitch up a four-horse team and skin it to town with a load of barley. They got to feeling pretty low over the fact that after having served their country well and faithfully for so many years in the grub producing business, that now in their old age they couldn't be relied on to transfer a load of barley by the hitherto satisfactory method of weighing a pailful and counting the pails and they reckoned an affidavit as to the result ought to be good enough to base the payment of a bonus on. But they figured that regulations were regulations and must be complied with whether practical or not, although they expressed the opinion that it would serve those chaps durned well right if they hauled that barley over every elevator scale in town and camouflaged the deal by changing teams and collect a bonus every shot just to get in a little revenge. However, they opined that they had always been honest and paid their taxes and obeyed the laws of the land (well most of the time anyhow), and now in the afternoon of their lives they didn't want to have to embark on their last round-up attired in an asbestos suit because of any shady transaction with a load of feed. So they finally decided to whack up on the deal

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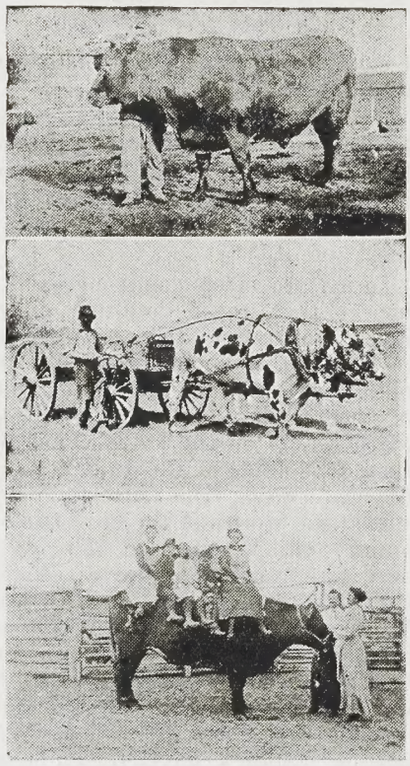

Readers in the Castor, Alta. district, may recognize the above oldtime pictures. In the early days steers were grown to 5 and 6 years. The above steer weighed 2480 lbs. The centre picture shows a common scene in early homestead days. A team of oxen was the homesteader's best friend. The ox in the bottom picture is truly a beast of burden.

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all at one time. "There were fifty of us," said Symonds, "and we were caught in that stampeding herd for five days. Each man fired his rifle steadily all that time to keep from being tramped down. Finally there was a break and we all got away to the top of a hill. It's a good thing we did, for when we got there we saw the *main* herd coming!"

The Alberta yarn-spinner whose tall-tales crop up more often than any other is probably Dave McDougall, son of the pioneer missionary, George McDougall. I have heard one of Dave's stories at least fifty times since I've been in Alberta. Dave used to tell how he started one day to drive his sleigh from Morley to Calgary. The snow was very deep and it was cold when he started his trip. But about halfway to Calgary, a Chinook came stealing up behind him.

"And you know," Dave would say, "it was all I could do to keep the *front* runners on the snow. The back runners were raising up a terrible dust storm!"

Dave was a very hardy pioneer. When bedtime came, he used to take off all his clothes and lie right down in the snow, just throwing a thin piece of canvas over him. According to Dave, the snow that fell in the night made him a wonderful blanket, and he invariably got a fine night's sleep.

Much to my surprise—if anything can now surprise me in Alberta—I find a New York tall-tale wandering the Alberta prairies. In New York the people spin this story about Seneca Lake which is shallow and freezes awfully fast, but here the story is told about the Alberta farmer whose crop failed to grow because of too much rain—a strange thing here. His fields were drowned out. To make matters worse, a plague of frogs arrived to inhabit the pools that day around his farm. Then suddenly winter came, as it does in Alberta, and just as the frost hardened the surface of the sloughs, the frogs leaped into the water and were frozen solid with their hind feet in the air. The farmer merely took out his lawn mower and cut himself 10 bushels of frog legs to the acre and lived lustily through the winter.

Tricksters and retorts, always have a place in the folklore of a region, and I find lots of this kind of good humor in Alberta.

A good "retort" of the early days concerns Jim McKernan, pioneer telegraph operator in Alberta. Jim had charge of the office at Hay Lakes, sending the first messages over the wire in November, 1877. At one time, Jim was afraid the Indian chief, Tacoots, was going to go on the warpath. Jim got a bit nervous, since he was entirely unprotected against attack. As a safety measure, he sent a wire to Sir John A. McDonald, in charge of Indian affairs at Ottawa. Jim, in fact, wired *three* times. His first wire said: "Indians threatening. What shall I do?" There was no answer. Jim's second wire said: "Indians more threatening, what shall I do?" There was no answer. But this time Jim was sure that Tacoots was coming, so he wired a third time: "Indians are going to scalp me. What shall I do?" McDonald is said to have wired back: "Shave your head, Jim."

And what a fine body of folklore the life and hardships of the pioneers will make! Many old timers think they have nothing to tell, because to them, the details of their lives are merely the record of day-to-day living. But sometimes they will let slip little comments and facts that tell much about the rigors, the joys and sorrows of the early days.

For instance, many a man lost his life in the old-time blizzards. I have been told of a green Englishman named Blagdon who had a homestead near Rocky Mountain House. Blagdon was visiting a neighbor one December day when a storm blew up. The neighbor begged Blagdon to stay, but he had cattle and horses in the barn and he thought he should go home to feed them.

The storm lasted five days, and when it was over, the neighbor started out to see if Blagdon had reached his shack. When he found no one there and the animals almost dead

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J. J. Bowlen, M. L. A.

Editor's Note.—The following is written by your Editor as a tribute to supplement the honor conferred by the Western Stock Growers' Association when that Association made J. J. Bowlen its Honorary Vice-President. The subject of our story is one of those men who has grown up with and been a part of the development of Canada. Imbued since childhood with the spirit of the new world he constantly exudes his faith in Canada, its young men and its way of life. His outlook is Canadian, his attitude towards young men of the country is to lend a helping hand where it will do good and never to suppress or discourage energy or ambition. Your Editor is very happy to add in his humble and inadequate way this tribute to the one conferred by the Association on J. J. Bowlen, M.L.A.

FOR two generations the family to which John J. Bowlen was born on July 21, 1876, had toiled and saved on Canada's historic Prince Edward Island. Nature was reluctant with its favors and success came only through hard work, frugality and saving. John's five brothers and five sisters together with his mother and father provided a gathering where it was learned at an early age the riches of being able to get along with others. John worked; he helped his father, Michael; he grew in stature until at the age of 16 he felt he was large enough, and he knew he had Irish heart enough to meet the world and whatever challenges it should fling his way.

He decided to go to Boston, Massachusetts. It was nothing strange that he should go to Boston; others from The Island had; quite a coast-wise trade was in full swing and he wanted to see a big city anyway, especially this big city as he had an uncle there who was one of the pioneers in the building of good highways. He worked as a teamster, then at odd jobs and even was a street car conductor. With his smiling eyes and genial manner he met people easily—he liked people and people liked him. Then came the Spanish-American war in 1898. The "Sinking of the *Maine*" stirred him as it stirred countless thousands and besides at the age of 22 he wanted to see other places besides Boston especially as John relates "When someone else paid the expenses". But just as he and his friend's training was completed and they were on the point of departure, the war was terminated and he was demobilized.

He took his wife—and he says the best thing that ever happened to him was when he married. "She has been a fine wife; we have had three children of which we are very proud and I have had something to fight for and work for all my life,"—and they returned to the Island where for several years they had a small farm. John traded in horses and cattle and became a lover of horses. The "Go West, Young Man" slogan which stirred the breasts of thousands in earlier years still had its appeal in Prince Edward Island. Hearing and heeding it John headed west to Manitoba and immediately along with nine other men hired to a farmer at Carivale. In relating this period of his life John reflected, "You know I am a firm believer that chance has a lot to do with a man's life. He may think and plan but chance or events come along which change the course of a man's life."

He was directed to the bunk house where all the farm hands slept. He had never seen a bunk house before but went out to acquaint himself with the men before turning in for the night. Soon, however, the door opened and the farmer directing his remarks to J.J. asked him to come to the house as he wanted to speak to him. The farmer said, "You know, Bowlen, I have been watching you all day and this is not the place for you." Rather crestfallen young Bowlen said, "You're not going to fire me before I have a chance to show I can work, are you?" The farmer laughed and said, "No! I have a good friend, Bill Thompson, up at Elva, whose wife in Quebec is very sick and he has to go to her. He wants someone to put in the crop and take care of the harvest for him, and I think you are the man." John was overwhelmed by this turn of events and protested that he knew little about farming, and hadn't driven 8 horse teams before. But having the spirit of Canada in his outlook and Irish blood in his veins, he was willing to tackle anything. So he went up and met farmer Thompson and they worked up a contract.

"That was a success, I got the crop in and when Thompson returned in the fall I had all the grain in the elevator. I had done 150 acres of summerfallow too, which wasn't in the bargain. I made $1500.00 for myself and I was ready to go farther west. I went to Saskatchewan and took a homestead at Humboldt."

Then followed one of the hardest periods of John's life, one which was the testing time for him. Only his stamina, and energy and the loyalty of his wife and purpose of his family carried them through. For three years in a row his grain crops were frozen; his five work horses within that period died of swamp

J. J. BOWLEN, M.L.A.,
Honorary Vice-President,
Western Stock Growers' Association.

fever. He bought a yoke of oxen a with them he took any job he could fin He cut fire wood and hauled it 5 mil to receive $2.50 a load; he contract and hauled hay the same distance a put it in the barn for $2.50 a loa Mosquitoes plagued him as he worked "There were thousands of them to t square foot." He raised hogs on froz grain, butchered them and sold the delivered for 5c a lb. dressed. A go Shorthorn cow with calf at foot was wor $18.00 and no one had any money.

"All through this period, I did n mortgage the homestead but I made a point to know my banker and he gr to have confidence in me," said Ja in commenting on this part of his life.

"I started trading in a small way horses and finally in 1906-7, the ha winter, I borrowed some money fr the bank and went to Gladstone, Ma toba, and bought a carload of hors

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H. E. WILSON, *Secretary*
Lacombe, Alberta

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in the barn, he organized a search party that scoured the country for days without finding a trace of the young Englishman.

It was seven years before a herd boy found Blagdon's bones on a hillside five miles from his homestead. They identified him by his watch and his ring.

Humorous tales the old timers like to tell concern Bob Edwards, editor of the famous "Eye Opener". They tell many humorous tales, also, of the "remittance men" and their experiences in Alberta. Old-timers in the southern part of the Province like to tell about "Nigger John" Ware, the universally respected Negro cattleman; and they enjoy relating the yarn of the lost Lemon gold mine—the mythical, and fabulously rich placer mine that has brought disaster to all who have learned its secret.

The great smallpox epidemic of 1870 furnishes a deadly serious note. Practically every one had the disease. The Reverend George McDougall took it, and although he had a bad case, he refused to stay in bed more than ten days. Too many needed nursing—or needed burying.

The Indians will, of course, furnish a large part of Alberta folklore. Some of their legends are beautiful; like the Stoney Indian legend about Lake Louise: When the world was very young, giants peopled the earth. A certain giant-chief, a very famous hunter, was never satisfied with the number of animal monsters killed by his arrows, or caught in his snares. One day he saw a rainbow in the sky. The more he watched it, the more he wanted it, because he velieved it would make a magic bow. Climbing the tallest tree on earth, he tore the rainbow from its place but when he grasped it, the colors melted. In exasperated anger, the giant dashed the rainbow against the nearest rocky peak, and so it fell, shattered to the bottom of the nearest lake, and gave its colors to the waters. The gods of the elements then made another arch to hold up the sky when it rained, but the colors of the shattered rainbow are still seen spreading through the waters of that lovely lake which we now call Lake Louise.

For an Alberta waterways yarn I like the Peace River story about the fellow who stole a dug-out canoe in order to cross the river. The owner apprehended him, and hauled him before the local magistrate. This pioneer official was strong on "making the punishment fit the crime". He remanded the prisoner for a couple of hours until he had had a chance to study up the law on the case. The only thing the magistrate could find that might apply was "Piracy on the High Seas", the penalty being death by hanging. This seemed pretty drastic, even in a country which believed in hanging the accused first and trying him afterwards. However, there was nothing they could do about it. After some heated arguments pro and con, the Jury finally fined the culprit ten dollars and a bottle of whiskey which he happened to have in his possession. You see, whiskey was hard to come by in that part of the country.

There must be a great deal of Alberta folklore about the railroad men. I like the story about the Widow Hoburg. The "widder" as the railway boys called her, was a whiskey smuggler when the C.P.R. was building. The Widder had a big flask fastened in some mysterious way to her bustle. And from this flask led a rubber tube which was fastened, again in a mysterious manner, to her leg. She'd go along the track and ask out of the corner of her mouth, if anybody wanted a drink. More or

It took me three weeks to get them back to Humboldt, a trip which would ordinarily take only 36 hours. The winter was terrific and the only winter coat I had was an old sheepskin. They were ordinary farm horses I had bought at Nippawa and when I got them home I sold them in the Humboldt district, selling them on time. In those days you could sell on time as people paid their bills." He turned the money to buy another car of horses. Both loads were profitable; all notes were paid and he had discovered a business he was to follow off and on for 20 years.

In 1908 Jack, as his friends then and now call him, found himself in Macleod, Alberta. He was stopping there because he could not get back to Calgary and he was impatiently passing the time while he waited for an East bound train. As he gazed from the hotel window he saw about 150 head of horses being trailed through town by, as he was to learn later, John Wright. He was fascinated by the large bunch and it wasn't long before he was down at the corrals looking them over. He learned they were for sale for $50.00 per head and before he had realized what he had done he had said, "I'll buy them" and he gave a check for $7500.00.

That night Jack slept very little as he had made no arrangement with his banker for that amount. He had horrible visions of the banker not honoring the check and contemplated the consequences. "However," he said, "the check was honored and I shipped the horses to High River and wintered on straw piles. In the spring I conceived the idea of hiring four riders and a cook wagon and trailing the horses overland to Humboldt. We started out and when we reached the Red Deer River it was in full flood. Checking with the settlers around I found that they never ventured to cross until the water subsided—in this case it would take about ten days or two weeks. I couldn't wait that long. I said, I was going to cross so we got about twenty men and herded the 150 horses into the torrent. I can see them going across now, just their heads were visible. The men went over in a boat; several undertook to ride across and in the middle of the stream they abandoned their saddles and clung to their horses' tails getting over that way. We lost 9 horses, but we got across and I was on my way to Humboldt."

Once in Saskatchewan he sold them without trouble to Saskatchewan farmers. The notes he took were 98 per cent paid that fall and the balance came in in dribbles. He made about $10,000 on the deal. Looking back Jack reflects, "Those were the happiest days of my life."

Incidentally this venture was the start of an annual business which carried on from 1909 to and through 1914. In that period he followed the same procedure, buying horses in Alberta principally in the High River district, wintering on straw piles and trailing overland in the spring. The only change in proceedure was that he shipped the fat horses out in the winter. All sales were made in Saskatchewan and most of them were on time. "Before the first Great War everyone paid their bills" was Jack's comment on collections.

H met a great many farmers, naturally, and got their confidence. In his dealings with them if a farmer was not satisfied with the horse he bought, it would be replaced and if he had bad luck within 6 months of purchase and lost his horse J. J. Bowlen would stand half the loss, and would always make a new horse available to him. We make these observations in passing because the men who were Jack Bowlen's customers and friends in that part of Saskatchewan in those early years were the ones responsible for his first interest in politics, but that will be dealt with in a later chapter.

In 1912 he had bought a house and half section farm at Macklin, Sask. As Jack stated, "I had the Humboldt country pretty well stocked with horses and had to find a new market, as I was bringing in about 1000 Alberta horses each year."

His trading and selling operations had become very profitable. In the seven year period he had cleared about $60,000 and all through this period his best friend had been his banker. He never abused his credit and never failed to meet his note when it fell due.

That same year 1912 he bought a horse ranch on Rosebud Creek, Alberta, placing Bill Barlow in charge. For six years he ran a large herd and in 1918 sold to "two of the finest men I ever knew, Bill Parslow and Johnny Hamilton", the ranch and 700 head of horses at $100.00 per head.

The second installment of "J. J. Bowlen, M.L.A." will follow in the March issue and will deal with his dealings with Tony Day, Wallace and Ross, and Peter Muirhead and others. Also will be included his introduction to Politics, his practical democracy and his faith in the young men of the nation.

BUNKHOUSE PHILOSOPHY

(*Continued from page* 101)

and hired a neighbor with a truck and they shoveled in the barley and started to town to get things O.K.-ed according to regulations. They got the outfit weighed and the records completed, all according to Hoyle, or whoever is supposed to have hatched out the deal, but were informed by the licensed dealer that they would have to take the barley home and unload it and send the empty truck back to be weighed before the bonus would be available.

So they took their load away home again and shoveled it off into Seven-Up's granary and while the truckman was away in to town to arrive at the correct number of bushels, they did some calculating. They had paid a nickel a bushel each way for hauling, three quarters of a cent for handling charges, a dollar and a half for dinner and shovelled the durned stuff on and off, lost a couple of bushels or so when the truck hit a hole in the road and the tail board sprung a leak, and lost a day's work repairing their line fence. Needless to state that when they finally arrived at the net result all the expressive language, peculiar to cow-men, was allowed to float forth into the air and we rather imagine that if a radio powerful enough to pick it up had been available, some of the boys down around the Capitol city could have increased their vocabulary to some considerable extent.

The only one who derived any appreciable benefit from the transaction appeared to be the truckman and he maintains that the license fees and gas tax have about got him licked as he can't get any of this cost of living bonus unless he takes it out of one britches pocket and puts it in the other. Seven Up and Cactus thought perhaps they would have a little of the bonus left so that they could keep their permits in good standing but "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley."

O well, perhaps the boys down east will become a bit more trustful of we old cow-pokes who are doing our best to meet the demands for steaks and roasts and devise some sort of system that will enable us to dicker between ranches without taking our grain for such an unprofitable airing!

The folks who follow the old occupation of looking after livestock may do a bit of hollering, occasionally, about inequalities that are bound to creep up, here and there, when the fellows who are loaded up with the job of keeping production rolling in these trying times have to formulate regulations to keep demands and supplies on an even keel, but we are not quite so prone to go a-chasing off down east with our complaints as folks in other lines of endeavor; neither has there been any manifestation of a desire to catch the nation off balance in order to enhance our position economically. We are still on the job and intend to stay there. We sure wouldn't care to have the boys coming back and telling us that they had to go short of grub or shoe leather while we were arguing about prices. The boys of the range hustled off to war fully confident that the folks at home would keep the beef production up, come hell or high water, and by thunder, the folks left to look after things are not concealing the fact that they are just a bit proud that this and more has been done and the lads can be durned sure that the bulls will be turned out every year at the proper time, the feed put up for the winter and the calves weaned in the fall and production maintained till they have the job over there finished and are able to get back to the home range again and take over the work they love.

Well folks, this is the last issue before the holidays and the boys of the Bunk-House wish you as Merry a Christmas as it is possible to have when so many of the boys are away and a New Year that will again bring the family together around the old ranch table.

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MOOSE JAW, SASK.

EDWARD EVANS, *General Manager*

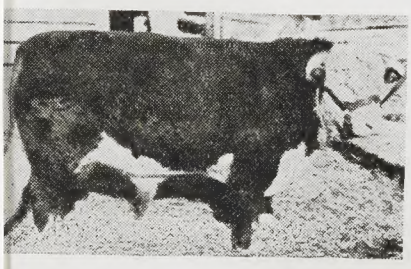
ess naturally, I suppose, everyone did, and she'd let a drink trickle into a tin cup and pass it along to the thirsty railroaders. When she was finally hauled before the authorities and fined two-hundred dollars for her sins, a railroader doffed his hat and yelled, "Boys, shell out fer the widder!" The two-hundred was raised in five minutes.

I don't need to do more than mention the Alberta place names. I'm sure everybody realizes that they're a body of folklore in themselves. There are good stories about every town in the Province. I like the Edmonton story about the "Edmonton Rebellion" when all the citizens turned out with shotguns to keep the land office from being moved to the south side of the river. If the land office had gone, the center of Edmonton would be on the south side today.

Many of the folk who made the tales I have told, or their fathers or grandfathers, came to Alberta when there was the sound of hammering in the air—the spirit of an Empire building—they came when Alberta was to represent the highest aspiration of the human soul. For many, perhaps, as in other regions, aspiration has turned to disappointment, yet it seems to me, Alberta folk have been able to keep their optimism in the face of hardship. Their optimism goes on. This is shown clearly in their humor. They can joke. And in their preservance, their joys and frustrations have created the real Alberta. The Alberta we hope this year to help preserve.

From every side the material of the life of Alberta, past and present, is coming in. We have heard from over one-hundred Alberta communities. The mail gets heavier. "I see by the press," writes a farmer up North, "that you want information about Alberta. I know something about Alberta and my region. Any-

(*Continued on page* 126)



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If Your Farm Work has Slackened for the Winter, You Are Needed Elsewhere in Essential Employment

Highly essential work—very important in Canada's war effort and for the welfare of the Nation—is threatened with shortages of workers. One of the few sources of men available for other high priority jobs is those men on the farm who will not be needed at home during the Fall and Winter. Heavy needs must be met in many lines—producing vitally essential forest products; in base metal and coal mining, in food processing, in railway track maintenance. If you live on a farm and are not needed at home during the Fall and Winter, you are urged to answer this national appeal.

Farmers engaged in essential work during the off season will be allowed to return home when needed. *Also, those on postponement under Mobilization Regulations will continue on postponement while in approved essential work during the slack season on the farm.*

Please answer this vital call NOW.

For full information please apply to one of the following:

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The nearest PROVINCIAL AGRICULTURAL FIELDMAN *or*
YOUR LOCAL FARM PRODUCTION COMMITTEE

NATIONAL SELECTIVE SERVICE

DEPARTMENT OF LABOUR

HUMPHREY MITCHELL, *Minister of Labour*

A. MACNAMARA, *Director, National Selective Service*

B.C.A.S. 1

TOM WHITNEY

(*Continued from page* 100)

Plummer, the official sherriff for the locality was in reality head of the road agents and furnished them with news of the gold and bullion shipments. The vigilantes at last caught up with Plummer and two of his men. They were seized and preparations made for an immediate hanging. Plummer, although responsible for the deaths of a score of men, turned craven as the time for trial approached. Going down on his knees he begged for mercy which was abruptly refused. A convenient tree was found and Plummer was hoisted onto a large packing box which had been placed under it. At the last moment, just before the box was jerked from under his feet, some of Plummer's courage returned and his last words were, "Give me a good drop men, that's a last favor." The death of Plummer broke up the activities of the road agents whose organization numbered over a hundred men.

Another prominent road agent named George Ives was apprehended by the vigilantes for, as a final crime, the shooting in the back of a young trail driver named Nicholas Thalt, as he was watering horses. Ives was tried in town and, as this was early in the history of the vigilantes, the whole countryside turned out to see the result. Colonel Sanders and a hob-nailed miner were the prosecutors and the court was a wagon box. Ives was sentenced to be hanged and the instant the verdict was pronounced fifty six-shooters clicked as his fellow gun-men threatened a rescue.

Darkness had now fallen but a huge bonfire was started near the side of a half-erected log building. A thirty-foot log was thrust over the log side wall, with a rope noose dangling from the end of it, and the end was braced under the bottom log of the opposite wall. Ives, who every minute expected to be freed by his fellow gun men, was placed on a packing case under the rope.

It was then seen that the rope was too long and that his feet would strike the ground. At this Frank Carter of Dillon courageously climbed out on the log and made the necessary adjustments. This, in spite of the fact that it had been threatened that the man to place the rope would never live to tell the tale. Indeed, before going up, Carter whispered to a friend the disposition he wished made of his property should he not survive.

Ives now realizing that the vigilantes meant business made an impassioned plea for time. His friends voiced their approval at which X. Beidler from among the crowd called out, "How much time did you give Thalt?" At this the crowd roared their approval—the packing case was jerked away and Ives' head lay over on his right shoulder, his neck broken by the bulky hangman's knot beneath his left ear.

Horse thieves received similar treatment. The vigilantes caught up to one at a ranch. A hasty trial was held and the death sentence given, the cross-beam of the barn being selected as a gallows. A rope was thrown over the beam and the condemned man was sent up on a ladder. Arriving at the top he calmly said: "Well, gentlemen, I have never taken part in this sort of thing before; do I jump or slide?" A compassionate voice in the crowd, wishing for a speedy death, called out, "Jump". And the ends of justice were secured once again.

Tom's father described the gun men of those days as being soft spoken and even gentle in manner. But let the need for action arise and they were as quick as the snap of a whip. Tom himself remembers seeing one of these men demonstrate at night, showing how he could discharge his six-shooter with such rapid action that, in the dark, the discharges showed as a single sheet of flame from his revolver barrel.

Virginia City was the wildest of them all. Going down the main street one morning Tom Whitney's father remembers seeing three men swinging from the balustrade of a building opposite the Virginia City hotel. There was a family named Johnson living there at the time. All the Johnsons were tough and they all died with their boots on. Observing the three executed men, a Johnson kid of some ten years of age swarmed up their legs and went through their pockets hunting for money. The first two bodies gave up no returns and the last one only ten cents. Highly enraged the kid placed the money back in the dead man's pocket saying, with a volley of profanity as he slipped down his legs, "You old so and so, you can keep that to pay your way into Hell."

As a boy Tom Whitney had no white children to play with and so as a child played with Indian children and papooses. He picked up a good deal of their language and customs, some thing that stood him in good stead in later years when he dealt and traded with them. The Indians around the Madison River country were the Bannacks and Snakes. Most of the time when talking to Tom he alluded to an Indian as an "Injun". And an Indian is an "Injun" to Tom Whitney he is an "Injun" to us.

Becomes Cowboy

Tom's debut into the cattle business started when he was ten years of age. He had delivered some cattle to a cattle buyer at a point some three miles out of Virginia City. The buyer was Jesse Taylor. His boy about Tom's own age was holding cattle there for his father. Having delivered the cattle and received his pay of five dollars and with the money burning a hole in his pocket young Tom started off for Virginia City where he blew it all on an ornate set of spurs. These spurs were showy to say the least with heavy rowels and, believe it or not

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Sid Johns

Live Stock and other agricultural people throughout Western Canada will mourn the passing of Sidney W. Johns who for 21 years was the colourful and efficient manager of the Saskatoon Exhibition. His enthusiasm, his energy and his optimism knew no bounds and he was active in numerous movements which had for their purpose the improvement of farming in this country.

Sid. Johns was a native of Devonshire, England. He came to Canada in 1893 and to Saskatoon in 1908. He watched Saskatoon grow from comparative infancy and indeed his personality was reflected in his adopted city. During his latter years he was Commissioner of the Board of Trade among other things. But it was in connection with Exhibition work that he achieved the greatest fame and besides being manager of the Saskatoon Exhibition, he was secretary of the Western Canada Association of Exhibitions, past president of the International Association of Exhibitions and past president of the Canadian Association of Exhibitions.

It was during his last exhibition that he was made an Honorary Chief by the Sioux Indians and given the name Ampetu-Washte, which means Fine Weather.

For some months Sid. Johns' health had been failing but to the end, that optimism and cheer for which he was famous and the smile which made folk love him, never failed.

ALBERTA'S STORIES

(*Continued from page* 123)

way, I'm lonely as the devil. Come up and talk."

So the tales are coming in. From the south, from Edmonton, from the North. Tales are coming in about the Ukrainians, the Hutterites, the Mennonites, and the Methodists. From Red Deer, Okotoks, Ponoka and Stettler. From Athabasca, and Marwayne, Excel and Peace River. From Dawson Creek, Fort Smith, McMurray and Waterways, come people eager to tell their story and the story of their region. From the north, come vague whispers about Ed Cody, the greatest tale-spinner the North ever saw. From the South, I hear about Paddy Nolan, the greatest wit Calgary ever produced. From every side, come the pioneers or their descendants. Already I have glimpsed the spirit of Alberta.

I have said little about the purely historical side of the Project. We are not forgetting that, and I am sure that everyone realizes that exact history is the solid backlog of folklore, just as history may be done an excellent turn by making it live, in the collected recollections of humor, human drama, song, joy and sorrow of the people of the country in which we live. Only thus, through our traditions, history and lore can a living pride in Alberta be maintained.

In these hurried days let us take a little time to take stock of ourselves. To find out why our way of life is better for us than any other. I believe we will find the answer not too far from home.

—o—

AIRDRIE RANCHER SELLS REAL STEERS

On November 10th Angus Robertson, prominent Airdrie, Alberta, rancher, sold at the Calgary Stockyards, 21 head of two year old Hereford Steers which averaged 1270 lbs. and sold for the top price of the beef cattle market. These steers, of his own breeding, had never received any grain in their lives. They were wintered well as calves, yearlings, and twos, had access to good grass and plenty of water, and for a month previous to shipment had grazed on a cover crop of wheat. Here is another example that good breeding, good management, combined with grass, water, and cover crop pays big dividends in the form of increased weight and highest market price.

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When you buy Collicutt-bred registered Herefords you receive the benefits of over 30 years of careful selection and breeding. Our Domino and Gay Lad bloodlines have enriched many purebred and commercial herds—why not improve the quality of your herd with Collicutt-bred registered Herefords?

The size of our herd permits offerings throughout the year.

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Our pioneer Association operates one department the sole purpose for which is to secure supplies and perform services for stockmen in Canada.

Vaccines—Fresh and dependable, your choice from four lines—Cutter, Franklin, Globe and Lederle. Over 50,000 doses will be handled by the Supply & Service Department in 1943, convincing testimony for the dependability of Vaccines handled and service given.

Miscellaneous—Too many items to list, but they include anything in the way of supplies used by ranchers and farmers. We are buying agents for our stockmen.

Tanned Buffalo Hides—Less than 10 choice hides left—your last opportunity to get a lasting souvenir of the Old West.

For prices and items available write for price list.

SUPPLY & SERVICE DEPARTMENT

Western Stock Growers' Ass'n.

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little bells. As Tom says now—you could hear him coming a long time before you could see him. Tom was riding an old broom-tail mare that was usually quite reliable but as he started for home, swinging his spurs and admiring them in the sun he accidentally raked her on the shoulder.

The old mare gave a tremendous leap and slipping out from under deposited Tom on the ground at her heels. This was bad, but it was made much worse from the fact that as he hit the ground the wonderful spurs caught in the mare's tail and in a moment Tom was being dragged along the ground, very hot under the collar, and also generating a lot more heat in another part of his anatomy. In a few seconds Tom was minus his dignity, minus the seat of his pants, and minus a few chunks of skin, until luckily he tore loose.

Forty years later, in Medicine Hat, Tom came into contact with a cattle buyer named Wallace Taylor, who turned out to be the boy he had met herding cattle at Virginia City. Taylor related that three days after Tom had left them, and while on the trail drive, that Indians had stolen their spare horses. The white men started after the Indians and got their horses back, after killing three Indians and one white man who was with them. But they had to swim the Missouri River in order to do it.

Tom's first school was a private one at A. W. Switzer's ranch and today he is a fluent and able writer. The religious activities of the settlement were taken care of by a preacher who rode the circuit with a Bible in one hand and a six-shooter in the other. Riding to church one day the minister was ambushed by Indians and had to shoot it out with them. This caused some delay but he kept his appointment on time, afterward returning to take the scalps of his victims, thus proving that a man of God could also be a man of war too.

Tom early received his instructions from his father in the code of the West. At a livery barn one day, while taking out their horses, a well-equipped stranger rode in with long hair and plenty of arms. Being an inquisitive kid, young Tom immediately began pestering him as to where he came from and what was his name. In a moment Tom found himself 'round the corner of the barn receiving a good shaking from his Dad. Said his Dad, "Ask no man his name, as that's not etiquette—he'll tell you without asking if he wants you to know."

If the life of a white man was held cheap in those days the life of an Indian was considered as nothing. A group of cow boys were building corrals for the Hubbard and Thompson outfit a few miles from the Whitney place. As usual they were fully armed, with six shooters on their hips, even while engaged in such work. A bunch of Cheyenne Indians came up and sat on a hill watching the white men at work. One of the Indians was wearing a hat with a very tall crown with a black grease mark on it about half way up.

One of the cowboys, who rather prided himself on his marksmanship, remarked that he bet that he could plug that black grease mark on the old Indian's hat. After a little egging on by his comrades the cowboy took aim and fired. The result was hardly what was expected for the Indian gave a convulsive leap into the air and rolled over dead as a door nail. At this the cowboy airily dismissed the incident by the remark that "he didn't know that the old devil's head stuck up so far into his hat." The Cheyennes, however, took a more serious view of the matter and that night came back and burned the corrals and the camp buildings clear to the ground.

A neighbor of the Whitneys named Nate Young had had his father killed in cold blood by Indians. Later on an Indian, not connected immediately with the killing, was telling Young, "I show you how I shoot 'em pale-face". Suiting the action to the word the Indian started discharging arrows into the air. Whether or not Nate thought that he was in danger of following in his father's footsteps and might receive the next arrow in his own body is not known. But, overcome with the thought of his father's death, the white man pulled out his gun and crying out, "Yes, you old so and so, and I'll show you how white man shoot 'em Injun" he plugged the Indian through the body.

The local sherriff being advised of the occurrence sent out the local liveryman, Charlie Brown, to bring in the dead Indian so that an inquest could be held. Brown, who also had no love for Indians went out with a buckboard. Throwing a rope around the Indian's neck he dragged the body into town, behind the rig. The coroner, after surveying the remains, and there were very few remains to view, decided that the evidence was insufficient to make out a case and nothing came of the affair.

(To be continued)

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JUST RELATIONSHIP

(Continued from page 97)

The question of more even marketing of beef cattle over the entire year is one which is of prime importance when considering ways and means of increasing beef consumption. Naturally, development of such a levelling out of marketing must be tied up closely with suitable feeding to finish cattle over the 52 weeks of the year. Otherwise it will be impossible to provide beef in the quantity and quality required to carry on continuity of the program, cold storage facilities notwithstanding. The temperature and air-conditioning of the nation's eating places is probably another important but almost unrecognized factor in determining what type and quantity of food appeals to our appetites.

To those who doubt our ability to greatly increase our annual per capita consumption of meat, including beef, it should be sufficient evidence to point to the present per capita consumption in the Argentine, which is 326 pounds. Contrast this with Canada's 135 pounds. It would not be necessary to increase our own demands very markedly to more than look after what used to be considered a normal annual export. This is not to suggest that an export market may not at times be necessary and beneficial but is offered further evidence that our domestic market is capable of great expansion if given the preference and consideration it deserves.